THE
Test of Love.
AN
Epistle to a Friend.

'Tis Friendship, and 'tis something more.

Pope.

Oh, may once more that happy Age appear,
When Words were Artless, and the Thoughts sincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains.
Success their own soft Anguish tell,
Their Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal;
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time.

Garth.

EDINBURGH,
Printed in the Year MDCCXLII.

Teſt of Love.

AN

Epiſtle to a Friend.

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The TEST of LOVE.

OFT hast thou told me, *Jack*, in friendly Part,
The gentle Tyrant *Love* had seiz'd thy Heart:
But thou art young, and (like our sanguine Race
In their mad Vigour) may'st mistake the Case.
For, trust me, *Love*'s the purest Joy we find,
And noblest Passion of the social Kind.
But oft, my Friend, for this, is understood
The sudden Rage and Ferment of the Blood.
Thus ev'ry common Rake his Flame approves,
And, when he's lewd and rampant, thinks he loves.
But I, who in that Study am grown old,
Will to my Friend some *certain Marks* unfold,
By which a *genuine Passion* he may prove,
And without which he cannot truly *love*.
How does this Tyrant lord it in thy Mind?
What Symptoms of his Empire dost thou find?
Do you *within* perceive the growing Wound?
Does thy Soul sicken whilst thy Body's sound?
Does in thy Breast some blooming Beauty reign,
Whose fair Idea mingles Joy with Pain?
When she appears before thee, does she spread
O'er thy pale fading Cheeks a sudden Red?
Press her soft Lips, or touch her lilly Hand,
Does thy Heart flutter, does thy Breast expand?
If but her Name is mentioned, does it fire
Thy Bosom with a quick and fierce Desire?
Does ev'ry Glance, like *Jove*'s vindictive Flame,
Shoot thro' thy Veins, and kindle all thy Frame?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
Mix'd Hopes and Fears, and Flust'rings, are the Tests
of Love.

Is to *one* Woman all your Heart inclin'd?
And can she *only*, charm your constant Mind?
For her do all your Morning-Wishes rise?
Does she at Night of Slumber rob your Eyes?
Musing retir'd, does she alone excite
Your Thoughts by Day, and all your Dreams by Night?
Or, does your Heart, for *ev'ry* Nymph you meet,
Own a new Passion, and as strongly beat?
Do in your Eyes all Women seem the same,
And each new Face expel the former Flame?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
If more than one can charm, it is not heav'n-born Love.
Does *Love*, and *only Love*, invade your Heart?
Or is it stricken with a *Golden* Dart?
Does the keen Arrow from her *Beauty* fly?
Or does her *Fortune* glitter in your Eye?
For, in this venal Age, 'tis rarely found
That *Love* alone inflicts the secret Wound.
Silver and Gold are *Cupid*'s surest Arms;
Ten thousand Pounds outweigh ten thousand Charms.
But art thou sure, that in thy tender Heart
These worldly Baubles have no sordid Part?
And can'st thou say, sincerely canst thou say,
Should adverse Fortune on the Charmer prey,
That still, unchang'd, thy Passion would remain,
That still thou wouldst abide a faithful Swain?
If in the curst *South-Sea* her ALL were lost;
Still would her Eyes their former Conquest boast?
And would she, dost thou think, in *ev'ry* State,
The *same* Emotions in thy Soul create?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
If Riches prompt your Sighs, it is not sacred Love.
Again, my Friend, incline thy patient Ear;
For many Questions hast thou still to hear.
This chosen Damsel, this triumphant She,
Can'st thou no Blemish in her Person see?

Her Temper, Shape, her Features, and her Air,
(Though never yet was born a faultless Fair)
Do they *all* please? In Body and in Mind
Can'st thou *no* Blot, or Imperfection find?
Does o'er her Skin, nor Mole, nor Pimple rise?
Or do, e'en these, seem Beauties in thine Eyes?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
Defects are never seen, or seen are Charms in Love.
Do you within a sudden Impulse feel
To *dress*, look *florid*, and appear *genteel*?
Do you affect to strike the gazing Maid,
With glittering Gems, with Velvet, and Brocade?
Do you correct your Gait, adjust your Air,
And bid your Taylor take uncommon Care?
Before your Glass each Morning do you stand,
And tye your Neckcloth with a Critick's Hand?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
Gay Air and nicest Dress are Signs of Love.
Do Books and worldly Cares no longer please?
Can no Diversions move the strong Disease?
Have Wealth and Honours lost their wonted Charms?
And does Ambition yield to *Cupid*'s Arms?
Is your whole Frame by *Love* alone engross'd,
To study Interest and Preferment lost?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
Wealth, Honours, Pleasures, Cares, all yield to potent Love.
Do all your Thoughts, your Wishes and Desires,
Conspire with her's, and burn with mutual Fires?
What she commands does your officious Tongue
Approve, and censure what she judges wrong?
Are all her Likings and Aversions thine?
In all her Joys and Sorrows dost thou join?
Art thou, my Friend, *united* to her Frame,
Thy Heart, thy Passion, and thy Soul the *same*?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
Sympathetick Joy and Pain are mystick Signs of Love.

Didſt thou e'er ſtrive, (once more, ſincerely ſay)
With Friends, and Wine, to drive thy Cares away?
And have e'en theſe Endeavours prov'd in vain?
Will neither Friends, nor Wine, remove thy Pain?
Doſt thou ſit penſive, full of Thought recline,
And in thy Turn forget the circling Wine?
From hence a *genuine Paſſion* you may prove:
Nor Friendſhip, nor Carouſe, can diſſipate fond Love.

Art thou a tame, reſign'd, ſubmiſſive Swain?
Can'ſt thou bear Scorn, Repulſes and Diſdain?
Can no ill Treatment, nor unkind Returns,
Quench the ſtrong Flame which in thy Marrow burns?
Or, do they rather aggravate thy Smart,
And give a *quicker* Point to ev'ry Dart?
Does not each ſcornful Look, and ſneering Jeſt,
Drive the keen Paſſion *deeper* in thy Breaſt?
From hence a *genuine Paſſion* you may prove:
Reſentment's ever ſtrangled in the Cords of Love.

Whole live-long Days you have enjoy'd her Sight;
Say, were your Eyes e'er ſated with Delight?
Did you not wiſh next Moment to return?
Did not your Breaſt with ſtronger Ardour burn?
Did not each View another View provoke,
And every Meeting give a deeper Stroke?
From hence a *genuine Paſſion* you may prove:
Satiety's unknown in fix'd and hollow'd Love.

Perhaps you judge it an imprudent Flame;
And therefore live at Diſtance from the Dame:
But what is the Effect? Can *Abſcence* heal
Thoſe Wounds which ſmarting in her *Sight* you feel?
Does not to her your Mind unbidden ſtray?
Does not your Heart confeſs her *diſtant* Sway?
Does not each riſing Thought enhance your Pain?
And don't you long to ſee her *once* again?
From hence a *genuine Paſſion* you may prove:
In vain, by longeſt Abſence, would you cancel Love.

Suppoſe'

Suppose, once more, that Parents, or that Friends,
Either for peevish, or prudential Ends,
Should thwart thy Choice, thy promis'd Bliss oppose,
Wouldst thou, for her, engage all these thy Foes?
Wouldst thou *despise* an angry Father's Frown,
And *scorn* the noisy Censure of the Town?
Couldst thou, possess'd of her, with *Patience* see,
Th' insulting Finger pointed forth at thee?
" There goes the fond young Fool, who, t'other Day,
" In heedless Wedlock threw himself away:
" And, to indulge the wild ungovern'd Heat
" Of a vain Passion, lost a good Estate!
Would not such Insults grate thy tender Ear?
Couldst thou, beside, without repining bear
The scornful Smile, and the disdainful Sneer?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
Reason's sagacious Rules are Enemies to Love.
Now must I touch thee in a tender Part.
Would not a happy Rival stab thy Heart?
Couldst thou behold the Darling of thy Breast,
With Freedom, by another Youth caress'd?
Say, couldst thou to thy dearest Friend afford
A Kiss, a Smile, or an obliging Word?
Say, at the publick Ball, or private Dance,
When the brisk Couples artfully advance,
Couldst thou, unmov'd with Indignation, stand,
If to another she resign'd her Hand?
Say, would your Heart then rest? or would it swell,
With all the Pains, the sharpest Pains of Hell?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
Know Jealousy's the sure Concomitant of Love.
To the last Question of thy trusty Friend,
(Though many more might still be ask'd) attend.
To clear her Virtues, or avenge her Wrongs,
(For Beauty is the Theme of busy Tongues)
Should *Blood* be call'd for, in the doubtful Strife
Wouldst thou with Pleasure risque thy Blood and Life?

Wouldst

Wouldst thou all Dangers in her Cause despise,
And meet *unequal* Foes for such a Prize?
Would it not plant new Courage in thy Heart,
And *double* Vigour to your Arm impart?
To screen thy Mistress from the *slightest* Harms,
Wouldst thou not purchase *Death*, and would no
Death have *Charms*?
From hence a *genuine Passion* you may prove:
Nor could the coward Soul attain to gen'rous Love.
Urge closely, then, the Maxims I impart;
And by these known CRITERIA judge your Heart.
If eating *Cares*, *Inquietudes* and *Sighs*,
Heave your fond Breast, and for *one* Woman rise;
If not her *Wealth* inspires the soft Alarms,
But conscious *Merit*, and superior *Charms*;
(Merit and Charms, without *Defect*, or *Blame*,
Or, where Defects, they *change* their hated Name)
If your fond Zeal, to captivate the Fair,
Descend to *Trim*, *Dress*, and *Gait*, and *Air*;
If ev'ry *Int'rest* be absorb'd and lost,
And ev'ry *Care* by this *chief Care* engrost;
If tend'rest *Sympathy* your Breast invade,
By which *her* Joys and Sorrows *yours* are made;
If *frequent* Converse not *abates* Desire,
Nor *longest* Absence damps *th' increasing* Fire;
If with *Contempt* you spurn the musty Rules,
Of doating Av'rice, and of captious Fools;
If not *Distrust*, ungen'rous and unkind,
Poisons thy Joy, and *rankles* all thy Mind;
But love-born *Jealousy*, which aids the Joy,
(Tinges at worst, but never can destroy)
And if nor *Death* nor *Dangers* can affright,
But *help* the Transport, and *renew* Delight?
If *hence* a *genuine Passion* you can prove,
Then will I frankly own, that you sincerely Love.

FINIS.